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CORADDI

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fall issue

CORADDI

CORADDI

CORADDI



Coraddi
CONTEMPORARY ARCHITECTURE
DESIGN & BUILDING

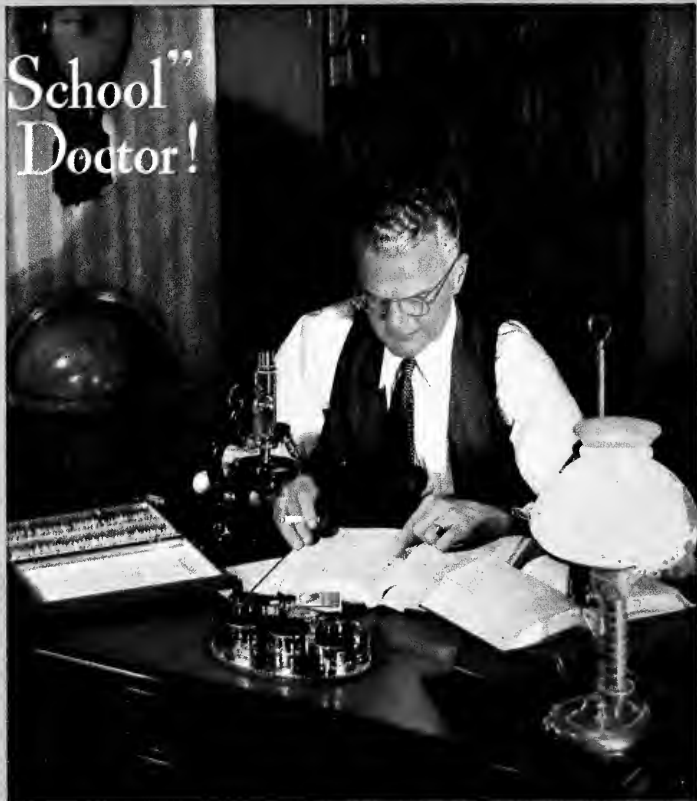
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"Night-School" for the Doctor!

*His years of study are
never finished...for
the practice of
medicine is one of
constant change...and
every change is for
the better...for you!*

SEVEN long years he studied
before those respected initials
"M.D." were affixed to
his name. And that was only
the beginning!

For every day brings discovery in the field of medicine. New methods of treatment, of protecting and prolonging life. All these the doctor must know to fulfill his obligation to you... to mankind. That's being a doctor!



According to a recent Nationwide survey: MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

● "What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?"

That was the gist of the question put to 113,597 doctors from coast to coast in a recent survey by three independent research groups.

More doctors named Camels than any other cigarette.

If you're a Camel smoker, this definite preference for Camels among physicians will not surprise you. If not, then by all means try Camels. Try them for taste... for your throat. That's the "T-Zone" test (*see right*).

Your "T-Zone" Will Tell You...

The "T-Zone"—T for taste and T for throat—is your own proving ground for any cigarette. For only your taste and your throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat.



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.,
Winston-Salem, N. C.

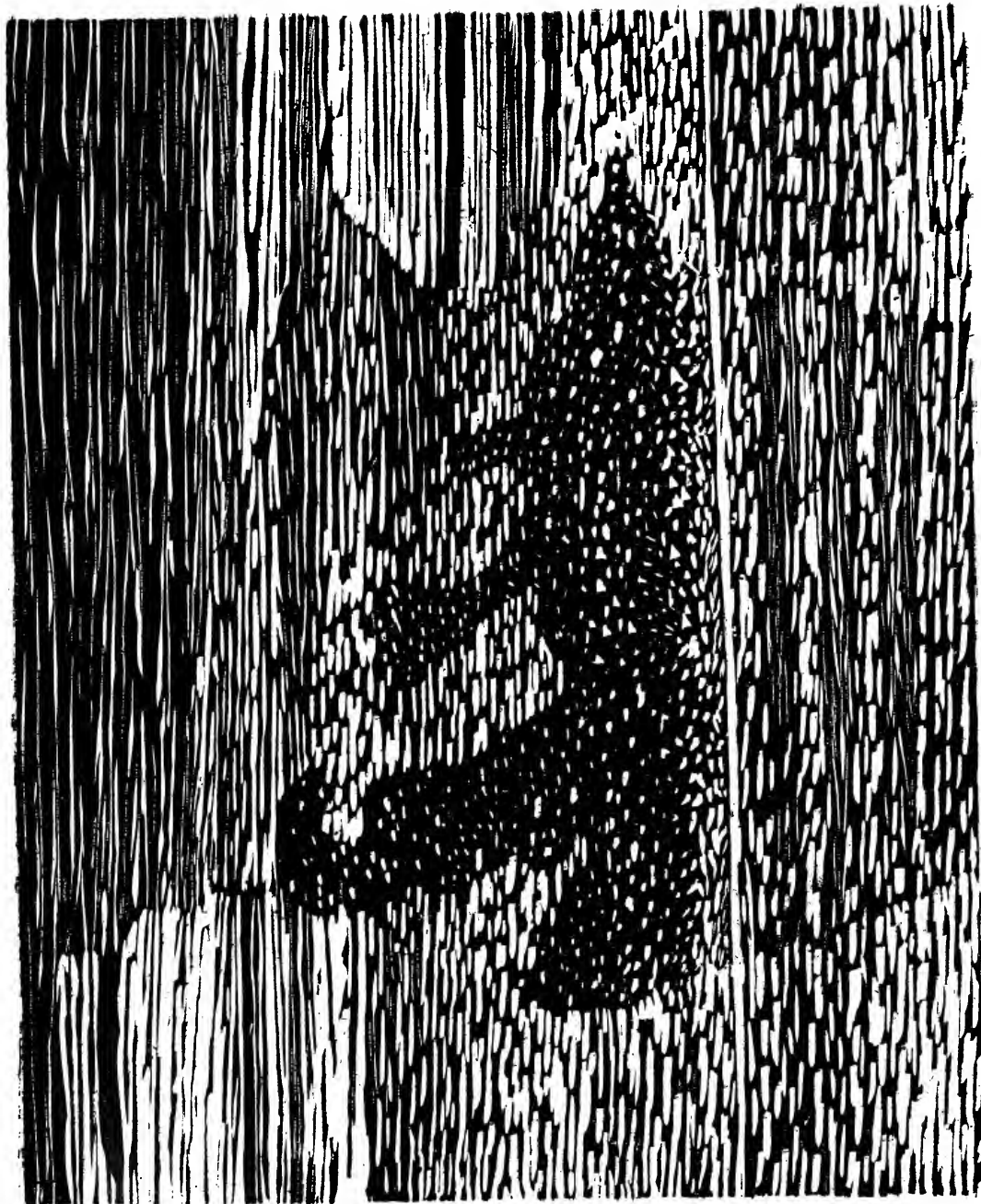
CAMELS

Costlier Tobaccos



Jeanette Fair, junior, models a royal blue suit at the International Textile Exhibit.

MONTALDO'S



Coraddi

STUDENT MAGAZINE
of

WOMAN'S COLLEGE of the UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO, N. C.

Volume LI

FALL - 1946

Number I

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Thumbing through

... the pages of the fall issue of CORADDI, we notice that "something new has been added." The pages are larger, and the typography is different. These are innovations from CORADDI'S new printer, Mr. WARREN McCULLOCH, affectionately known to the staff as "Mr. Mac." Along the photography line there is a PICTURE OF THE MONTH, for this issue by LUCILE TEGG, who graduated last year and is now doing work with the School of Music. LUCY RODGERS' "FILL THE AFTERNOON" is something of a composite creative effort. CYNTHIA COX did the illustration and spots, and Lucy confesses that she "stole" the title from one of LIB FANT'S poems. NAN SUTTON'S "THE LITTLE BOAT" worked from a somewhat different angle. Nan admired LIB JOBE'S watercolor and decided to write a story around the painting. (The art staff—feeling a bit on the experimental side—is toying with the idea of having their art work illustrated with fiction and poetry as a regular thing. And then there is the make-up editor who would like to have material written to order—so many lines to fill the little blank spaces that always seem to crop up.) Although not a usual CORADDI practice, the name of the author of "MAIN-STREAM" is omitted at her own request. LYLLE SMOLLEN did the accompanying street scene. MARTYVONNE DEHONEY commented both pictorially and poetically on the college girl in her "CELIA WILLIAMS." MARY LEIGHTON, who writes poetry that RIMES, is a freshman contributor and new staff member. NANCY SIFF, who will be remembered from her fiction and poetry of last year, authored "RETURNING SOLDIER." For "THROUGH THE YEARS" PINKY McLEOD dug back into the files for excerpts from fifty years of CORADDI publication. EVELYN DEWITT, a sophomore addition to the staff, wrote "A TALK WITH DR. FRANK" after a recent Sunday afternoon chat with DR. GRAHAM. The frontispiece, a woodblock by MARJEAN PERRY, is an abstraction called "SHADOWS." The book section, the combined efforts of LUCY RODGERS, who did the interview, and GIN GIN MCKINNON, who did the review, is entitled "WITHOUT DUST," the idea being that the books reviewed will be "without dust" not only as to publication but also as to readability. The MONTALDO'S ad and cover are the work of art editor LIB JOBE and photographers BILLY CRAWFORD and POLLY PIERSON. If you read CORADDI from cover to cover—and we hope you will—you'll find BASIL RATHBONE on the back, smoking a CHESTERFIELD.

149293

Through the Years

by CLYDE MCLEOD

AS CORADDI begins its fifty-first year of rolling off the press into the apprehensive hands of some two thousand Woman's College students, we have paused to look backward in time's flight-end of quotation and take stock.

1897: The first issue of the *State Normal Magazine* was lovingly printed by W. C. students, then known as females and "Normalites." The first article therein was a commencement address by Walter H. Page, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which he advocated co-education and "throwing our college doors open to women. . . . No other influence would be so wholesome on our social life as the educating of young men and women together. There would be a franker and more wholesome attitude between the sexes."

In the fall issue came a plea for fuller library facilities, in lieu of the 30 by 40 foot building, housing 3,000 volumes.

In December, '97, from the standardized column dubbed "Among Ourselves" came: "Though a large Model School building does not greet the glad eyes of the new Seniors, yet all former students welcome the dairy in process of erection, and sigh with satisfaction over the fine looking cows which make their daily promenade before the school buildings."

Also: "Among the college improvements we note a capacious carriage drawn by two large dark bays. It has four seats and an unlimited capacity. It has been rumored that the girls can be carried down town shopping for ten cents apiece. There are other additions to the stables and its occupants."

"The dining room service this year will not only excel in excellence that of every preceding year, but will have a charm which could only be given by the pretty lawn aprons and smiling faces of some of our fellow students. When we remember what disorder in the dining room means to those willing but busy companions, we are very particular about our table manners."

In the February, 1898 *Normal*, the editor exclaimed printedly that "examinations and the day of reckoning are upon us." One girl who dreaded exams wrote a friend: "Oh, my dear Georgia, pray, pray hard for this miserable digger after knowledge in the Greensboro mine."

Keeping up with the newest in literature, the girls were reading *Tennyson, A Memoir*, which had just been written by his son, Hallam. Jules Verne and Thomas Nelson Page had recently published new stories. Of more interest to the students was a hot-off-the-press sequel to *The Five Little Peppers* by Margaret Sidney.

1908: "Among Ourselves," still going strong with its pages of intimate campus notes, said: "What fun it is getting ready to go back to college again: First, the dressmaker comes and makes you pretty new clothes; then the cook prepares fried chicken, beaten biscuit and cake for you to take back . . . But the happiest time comes when you reach your room and are alone with your roommate, then you say, in truth, 'Dear, it is good to be back again with you at our dear old Alma Mater.'"

On October 14, the girls were "allowed to go to the Fair" where they rode the merry-go-round, threw confetti, and "listened with thrilling hearts to the revealing of the mysteries of the future by the fortune teller."

In the same month, Greensboro celebrated her 100 year mark. Greensboro Female College (guess what) and State Normal College (us) marched in a parade through town. A sham battle was fought at the Guilford Battle Ground, with the United States troops as the British and the North Carolina Militia as the Americans.

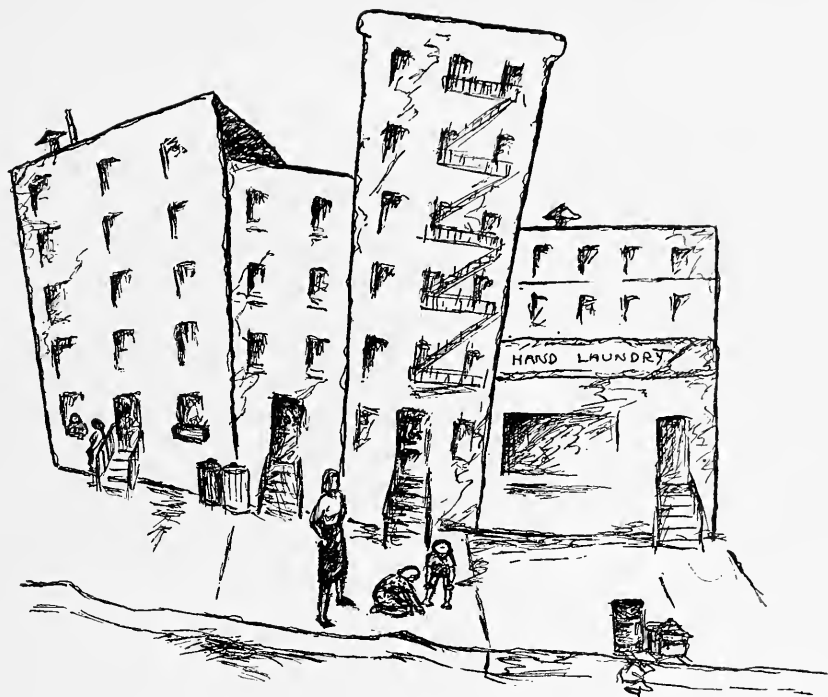
Students were thrilled over the "Conquest of the Air" of Wilbur and Orville Wright, who had broken all records for "aeroplane" flight in September, and were perturbed over Orville's recent injury in a wreck in Virginia.

1914: P. E. was Physical Culture, and the Suffragette's movement and arguments concerning Women's Rights had taken the Normal campus.

In 1915, the students were trying out early student government, which seemed to be successful, for the girls had learned to stay in their rooms at night to study without the usual faculty supervision.

In 1918, Normal farmerettes were helping with the war effort by hoeing on the College farm, and 10 summer school students had mowed lawns all summer. Girls were "refraining from all cold drinks"

(Continued on Page 15)



—Lyell Smollen

Mainstream

SHE had hurt them and she was sorry and there was nothing she could do. "I'm going away," she had said, and she had watched the shocked and lonely look deepen in their eyes. And there had been nothing in her heart but sadness and a knowledge conceived long ago. Now, leaning above the great, slow river in the darkness, she felt the impact of the past few days. Despite the calm which had surprised her with its strange intensity, she was shaken and exhausted after the constant strain of hurt and anger and frustration.

That night when she had told them she was going away, it had been with an uneasy sense that it would be better to wait, better to withhold the truth for a while longer. But for some time the tension between them had been growing and she thought it would be fairer to be honest. She owed them that at least. How could she have known that the truth can be more cruel, more bewildering than a lie? As they faced each other across the tiny room, she knew suddenly that in a moment the faith which had sup-

ported them through the grey panic of the depression, through sudden sickness in the night, through disappointment and humiliation—this precious thing they thought would never die would be as dead and broken as moth wings scattered on a stone. But it was too late to go back and as she began to speak she wondered if they would ever look at each other honestly again.

They faced each other as they had always done in moments of crisis, the comfortable little room sharply etched in her consciousness. The ivory keys of the piano gleamed distinct and yellow in the lamplight, menacing as lion's teeth. The familiar books and records crowded together in a litter that oppressed her. Yet everything was the same. Only this time she was irritated by something melodramatic in the three tense faces which made a triangle in the room. She was ashamed and some of the shame was for them as they sat there waiting, helplessly dependent upon her.

It was not anger that she felt towards them, nor

resentment. She heard her mother describe, with pathetic lack of pride, the dreams and love and sacrifice that had gone into her life, the fear and self-denial that the small, frail woman had endured so that she might have beauty and the adventure of knowledge, friendship and security. She heard her mother say that all she had given freely and with joy would be wasted on a lie if she insisted on this thing. And she knew that this was no trick to make her change her mind but the whole bitter truth. Her mother believed with absolute faith that this decision of hers would be the initial act in a chain of wanton and pointless impulses, whose only result could be the surrender of her integrity and the whole purpose of her life.

The telephone rang and they started as if they had caught some one listening at the door. Her mother got up to answer it and she faced her father alone across the awkward silence, while they listened to her mother's well-mannered Boston voice sounding far away and unnatural.

"Oh, I'm pretty well, Harriet," they heard her say. It was plain that she was not well.

"No, we're not . . . No, I don't think so." She laughed shakily. "Perhaps tomorrow night . . . Yes, maybe gin rummy."

The girl imagined Harriet Foreman's voice on the other end of the line, cool and silken. She knew that her parents were expected up on the roof as usual. Almost every night in summer they went up on the roof, which was fixed roughly like a terrace. Many of the hotel people were there, middle-aged couples who gathered quietly in little groups, smoking or slowly sucking ice cream or cold drinks. Sometimes they talked. Sometimes they sat staring silently into the vast darkness above the city.

She knew the conversation by heart.

"We had roast beef for dinner . . . but the price . . .!" The voice stopped indignantly . . . "the black market . . . outrageous . . . unscrupulous. . . But what can you do? The children have to have meat. I don't know how the poor people live . . ."

"It's your own fault." Her father's curt answer, his voice heavy with anger, "You deserve anything you get. I have no sympathy for you." He always threatened to turn them in to the OPA but he never did. You couldn't do that to people you knew.

"The only good German is a dead German . . . the damn frogs . . . the labor racketeers. . . We're too damn soft . . . suckers. . . A realist in the White House . . ."

"But Roosevelt . . ." her mother's voice raised in excitement and earnestness, "You'll have to admit he was right . . . You'll have to admit—" But they never did.

"A realist in the White House . . ."

"But the *Post* says . . . The *Post* is a liberal paper . . . a good honest paper . . ." her mother's voice again, warm in the darkness as she leaned forward pleading with them. "You should read what they say . . ."

"Don't believe it . . . don't believe it . . . communist lies . . . all lies . . ." The voice cut across the roof with an ugly sound.

"But isn't that true? . . . Isn't that right?" And her mother would turn quickly to her daughter for agreement, her face in the moonlight momentarily bright and earnest as a child's. And she would nod vigorously as they looked at each other in the darkness and took up the argument together. How good she is . . . the girl would think as she watched her mother's soft face in the moonlight . . . How gallant she is! And suddenly with acute sadness, how lonely . . . how defeated.

"The big boys get it all . . ." the ugly voice continued . . . "The little man hasn't got a chance . . . not a chance . . . not a chance . . . nothing you can do . . . you can do . . ."

Abruptly she heard her mother answer sharply on the telephone, "No, I didn't get a fourth for Friday. No I'm sorry, too."

"Of course, I understand," she could hear the silken voice saying, and she saw Harriet's smile that bared her teeth in a mechanical grimace. Her mother disliked Harriet and bridge and gin rummy and the roof. She dreaded the empty conversation, the smug, jeering voice, the inane trivialities, the smooth viciousness. "But what can I do?" she would say with unutterable weariness. "You can't be rude to people . . . What difference does it make? . . . It's too late."

Too late . . . too late . . . too late. It was too late for so many things for her mother. It had been too late for so long. Once she had made a bargain with life: boredom for our pride—a bridge game for honor . . . a lie for four years in college . . . a bare-toothed smile and death on the roof in the summer evenings. Too late . . . too late . . . too late.

The receiver clicked sharply against the hook. Her mother came back into the room. How sharper than a serpent's tooth . . .

She stumbled on miserably. Somehow she must make them understand, must clear away some of the bitterness and hurt bewilderment. Her voice went

(Continued on Page 16)

Celia Williams

Celia Williams

Celia Williams

Girl with hair,

and eyes and nose.

young, endeavoring

serious artist . . .

feels within and out

wants to be felt.

Her degrees she carries with her . . .

her pen and paper sit

in ready reach.

Long hours she toils,

diligent writer

wants to speak emancipation

to the tortured masses

who jolt her on the sidewalk.

She is very poor,

and hugs a dollar to her breast

wants to earn the praise and riches

wants to die,

and have one hundred tears fall at her death

Celia Williams,

saint Celia . . .

waves a pen as if a sword

girl who has the hopes,

girl gay and eager . . . alive and earnest

tolerant and thirsting.

thirsting

important part of her desires . . .

there is an amber liquid

or be it red or pale.

Celia finds it drawn to her

in some mysterious way

she clasps it to her.

she fondles it she swallows

and cries in her delight

she shadow plays and sings

and rolls on the rugs

or dances or loves.

there is sex

not to be satisfied

A man is not a mind at all

but a gonad,

an amusement,

a necessity. Celia

must have him. She is conscious

of every man she bumps in the streets.

Her eyes follow them to make them

conscious too.

She is vain. Her every thought has

been applauded by her. She is already a success.

Her life is perfect . . .

she has every thing she wants.

It is not now . . . at least on the way.

Celia is very happy . . .

She loves herself, her opposite and her still life . . .

a bottle on a checked tablecloth

(she is artistic too)

something is lacking.

A thought occurs . . .

usually before breakfast before she is quite awake.

She ponders . . . then remembers.

She wants to marry.

Age is a progressive trait.

Beauty is not . . . nor youth nor the elastic spring.

she wants to marry.

Then she will draw the world through a wedding band

like a gossamer shawl through a silver ring.

Then she will be the Queen . . . a complete, and

wonderful woman.

Her eyes glisten . . .

world conqueror

Celia Williams

queen Celia

thrusts her sword into the pit of truth

her feet are planted in the gutter

her eyes no higher than a man's waist,

her heart of course is in a mirror

she is an admirable girl

and well liked in her circles

destined to go places according to her friends.

a young member of the free set.

no god no fear no generosity.

we all love Celia Williams.

she is one of us.

we can touch her . . .

—MARTYVONNE DEHONEY

A Talk With Dr. Frank

by EVELYN DE WITT

AS I walked up the path to the large white house, visions of *Who's Who* kept running through my mind. Frank Porter Graham—degrees from the University of North Carolina, Columbia University, Catawba College, Birmingham-Southern, Duke University, William and Mary, Wake Forest, Temple, Amherst College, and Harvard.

I remembered looking at the *Yackety-Yack* of 1909, the year Frank Graham graduated. During his four years at Carolina he had been president of his class, editor of the *Tar Heel*, editor of *Yackety-Yack*, president of the YMCA, and secretary of the Phi Beta Kappa and the literary club. His picture showed a handsome, thoughtful youth, and the saying beneath it was a prophecy, "A man to all the country dear."

At last I rang the doorbell. A boy among those living at the Graham's home because of the crowded living conditions at Chapel Hill led me into the parlor where Dr. Graham joined me a few minutes later.

Dr. Frank is a short man with an alertness and lively pace about him. From his friendly answers to my questions I learned that he grew up in Charlotte and went to U.N.C. He dabbled around after college, teaching in Raleigh High School for two years, and then went to Columbia University for his M.A. degree. It was his first visit to New York and he spent most of his time in the library.

Referring to his New York experiences, Dr. Frank said that finding Columbia University turned out to be a difficult task. When he got off the train he asked several people for directions, but everyone was in too much of a hurry to answer. Finally he saw a Negro man and tapped him on the shoulder to ask the way to Columbia. He was told to "surface to Madison Square, local to Grand Central, and express out." He got on a surface trolley and spent the whole morning searching for Columbia. Even the conductor was no help. He said he didn't know where Columbia University was but would take him to Columbus Circle! But even with these mishaps, New York was a thrilling place to visit.

After a summer in the New York Public Library Dr. Graham's eyes began to fail, so he spent the fall and winter in the cold, invigorating air of Minnesota. He chuckled as he related an incident that occurred in the lumber camp he visited. One day he noted a team of horses cross a frozen lake and decided to follow suit. As he was walking across, he suddenly slipped and fell into an air hole. His escape was miraculous. Back at the lumber camp he was informed by one of the men that the last time a man went down an air hole in the lake he didn't come up until spring!

When World War I broke out Frank Graham decided to join his brother in the marine corps. After

two refusals because of his short stature, he was admitted into the United States Marines. He enlisted as a private for overseas duty, but when his regiment was stationed in Maryland he went to Officers' Training Camp and eventually became a first lieutenant. His field artillery division was packed and ready for overseas duty when the armistice was announced.

After the war he returned to Chapel Hill where he was made associate professor of history and dean of students. He then went to the University of Chicago, Brookings Institute, and the London School of Economics. The English people he found remarkable for their patience, courtesy, and good sportsmanship. Back from Europe, he became a full professor of history.

After a while the conversation drifted back to his student days at U.N.C. He was on the scrub baseball team and in one crucial game, with three men on base, the coach put him in the game with these admonishing words, "Whatever you do, don't hit the ball!" The pitcher threw four straight balls, and the important point was won.

As president of the Consolidated University Dr. Graham has been in many battles. It was a struggle to move engineering to Raleigh, a fight to keep athletics from being subsidized, and a battle over the freedom of professors to take active parts in controversial matters. Dr. Frank is a real fighter and emerged triumphant in all three cases. At present he is trying to increase the appropriations for Carolina, State, and W. C.

There have been many committees boasting of Dr. Graham's presence on their staff. An attempt was made to transform the University of Puerto Rico into an inter-American university, but the war interfered with the plans. As chairman of the National Advisory Committee for Social Security Dr. Frank was pleased to see a considerable portion of his committee's program adopted, though somewhat modified. He is in favor of a larger program of social security and more comprehensive federal aid to states for schools and hospitals. At present there is a battle for the North Carolina state plan of medicine to be accepted.

When asked about his career on the National Defense Mediation Board (1941-42) and the War Labor Board (1942-45) Dr. Graham was modest. With the help of Mr. M. T. Van Hecke, dean of the Carolina law school, I looked up his record. Dr. Frank was one of the key public members of the National War Labor Board. He had a great influence on the board because of his moral and spiritual integrity and his desire for just decisions. He would bend over

(Continued on Page 18)



PICTURE OF THE MONTH

—LARRY T. 55

The Little Boat

by NAN SUTTON

MA loved the sea. Something it was, I think, that haunted her 'til the day she died. It does that to people. Haunts, I mean. Jan, she'd say to me, pick up a sea shell and put it to your ear and listen. What do you hear? I hear a tortured sound of waves. They groan like they want to be free of the other waves. They want to be free, but they can't be free. That's right, Ma would say, they can't be free. But listen again. Do you hear the wind and the sand and the boats? No, Ma, I only hear the waves. No matter, she'd say. Someday you'll hear the wind and sand and boats. Jan, Jan, she'd say, if you ever go to the sea, throw in a piece of drift wood and a handful of sand and blow a kiss out where the sun comes up. Why? I'd say. Some day you'll know. A piece of drift wood, a handful of sand, and a kiss. And, Jan, tell your daughter to do the same if ever she goes down to the sea.

Ma's folks were fishers living down East where the shifting sands off the coast made sailing dangerous. Settled by the English come south from Jamestown, the villages and waters had English and Indian names—Albemarle, Roanoke, Scuppernong, Pamlico.

Your great-great-grandpa sailed with Blackbeard. This is the tree he was hanged on. Or, climb to the highest dune on a stormy night and hear the fog horn off Hatteras and watch for Mac's ship and feel the wind in your face. Ma's Journal was written to a man named Mac. She kept it from the time she was sixteen 'til she was twenty and left the coast. Sketchy in spots, even childishly simple at times, but I don't think I knew her until I read it.

I suppose it was the usual kind of journal girls kept in the 1890's. Probably a little harder than most, but about the same. Words mostly, meaningless to me, though I could piece together the main story—that Ma loved a sailor named Mac who was lost at sea. No complications, just that simple. Yet why the drift wood, the sand, and the kiss?

The sea's demanding, Ma had told me once. She takes but never gives. And then again, you must appease a cruel person.

Ma could always tell the weather. Dozens of jingles, she had, which foretold all—

Red sky at the dawning
Sailors take warning.

or

Mist hanging moon
Calls into port soon.

Aren't they ever wrong? I asked her once. Yes, sometimes, she'd say. Just when they shouldn't be.

Once Pa suggested we should take a trip to the coast, but Ma wouldn't go. What's there to see anyway—sand and water.

I remember once I bought a watercolor by a young artist because it reminded me so much of Ma. It was done in rich golden colors. Three large sand dunes on one side formed a cove, and in this cove was a sailboat—ever so tiny. I called the picture "The Little Boat," but everyone else thought it should be called something about the hugeness of nature and the smallness of man. I can't see it that way, but it's all a matter of emphasis, I guess. Ma would never have called it "The Little Boat." Don't ever quibble with nature, she'd say. It's bigger than you.

All right, call it the hugeness of nature then, but it's "The Little Boat" to me. Jan, you've lived in the mountains too long. They're givers. Some day you'll know. And then you'll pay back—just wait. You'll know, Ma would say.

Yes, I said, someday I'll stand on the highest of three sand dunes and watch a tiny boat and throw some driftwood, a handful of sand, and a kiss out over the water. Yes, I said, when I reach one hundred.



THE LITTLE BOAT

—Lib Jobe

Fill the Afternoon

by LUCY M. RODGERS

IF Jean took two steps, carefully now, and twirled half a twirl on the first flagstone, she would be facing the pathway that turned off this one and ran through the center of the garden. Then she could see the small statue of Pan in the middle of the cleared space at the other end beyond the goldfish pool. The grocery boy was whistling as he rode by on his big bicycle with the little front wheel, but Jean heard Pan play far off at the end of the garden. She ran, skipping only every second flagstone, because Pan would not be there in the shade if she dared touch them.

Flat she lay down on her stomach, and a caterpillar crawled nearer her hand. If it had been a frog she would have picked it up and looked at it, but it was not; so she stopped its crawling until it turned in another direction, and then she put her hand there to see it turn again. Once she had picked up a frog and taken it around the corner of the house to show it to Mamma. Mamma had screamed, "Put that down, Jean!" and she had dropped it quick, watching it hop away, but she had wanted to take it back to the dark hole in the burnt stump.

The caterpillar almost touched her hand, and she shivered. Suddenly the garden was scary, and she ran to the house, careful to step on the solid gray flagstones.

Adele was coming down the walk beside the house. Adele wore a big, blue bow that sat up straight. It reminded Jean that she couldn't push it down so that its brass fastener wouldn't hold it up any longer.

"It took you a long time to get home from school today," Adele said, and then, "I've already been home and had a bath and put on a clean dress and hair ribbon."

Jean looked at her knee with the red scab on it and felt too little inside, and she said, "I've got a new pack of notebook paper without any lines and a new pencil to write things with. Do you want to see it?"

Adele sat down on the stone bench in the garden and looked at the pencil and the paper without any lines. "My brother writes on paper like that, but his doesn't have holes in it, and he keeps it in a big envelope."

Jean looked at hers without lines, but with holes where she wanted to write. She wished it did not

have holes down the side. She had seen it in the store. She hadn't known that notebook paper didn't have lines; and she had wanted it to write on, because it was white with no lines on it where she wanted to write. But it had holes. She looked at Adele with her big, blue bow that sat up straight and clenched her fist and pushed the bow down, and the brass fastener down until it dug into Adele's head. Adele screamed and ran out of the garden.

Jean saw the red print of the brass fastener on her hand. She climbed up on top of the garage, pushing her toes up on the braces of the door and catching hold of the tar that was loose on the edge of the roof. The door swung, but she had already put her knee on the tar. The red scab on her knee came off, and blood got on the red print on her hand. But she lay on the warm tar on the other side of the garage away from the house and looked at the red print and the red blood.



There was a mirror in Simmons Furniture Company, a mirror with edges that went in a little and a wide gold frame with leaves carved on it and angels

(Continued on Page 19)

Without Dust

With this issue CORADDI returns to the book review section long absent from its pages.

South of Heaven—LETTIE ROGERS
Random House \$2.50 278 pages

The rather stilted cover drawing for Lettie Rogers' *South of Heaven* and the subtitle "A Novel of China" might lead the bookstore browser to pass this by as just another novel on a somewhat hackneyed theme, but this is not a book to pass by. It is, in fact, not a novel of China, but the story of the impact of the East on the West, the West being personified in the small figure of Judith Ward, daughter of a missionary mother who longs for the sheltered placidity of her American childhood and a missionary father who longs for power to save the soul of the heathen Chinese. But this is not a "Misunderstood Betsy" story for Judy is understood; and here enters Christy Blair, a young doctor born of an American father and a Chinese mother.

Except for the last minute escape from China's civil war—with Christy playing the role of rescuer—the book is concerned with the child Judith and her bewildering search to find some synthesis between the Chinese culture of her friends and the American heritage she tries unsuccessfully to shake off. Through her eyes the reader sees Mrs. Ward worrying about Judith having no proper playmates, living under a morbid fear of germs, chafing under her obligations as a paid missionary, irked by her husband's absent-mindedness, and snatching desperately at her silver and her butterfly curtains when she is forced to leave the home she has wanted for so long to leave. Mr. Ward is the missionary who forgets his wife and China, forgets China even, and sees only a vast mass of heathen souls waiting for him to bring salvation. Mrs. Ward cannot understand why Judith acts more Chinese than American, why she wants to wear Chinese clothes, or why she speaks Chinese in preference to English. Mrs. Ward, in short, thinks Judith a difficult child, but is entirely oblivious of the conflict in the child's mind. Mr. Ward, with a fanatical singleness of purpose, forgets that he brought a family with him to China.

Judith cannot understand why the fire and brimstone Hell of her parents' God does not apply to her Chinese playmates, why their way of life cannot be hers. While she senses that she is somehow in between and not really accepted by her Chinese friends nor by the other missionary children, it is Christy who articulates this conflict to his mother.

"And it seemed to me," he said, "that where the two nations were forced to meet on the same ground, the result was jangled nerves and loneliness. Each nation kept trying to push the other out—like a kind

of endless tug-of-war, that game you've seen the kids play, you know. The line is drawn and both sides keep pushing, or pulling, I should say. Each nullifies the efforts of the other and only the uglinesses of both are left to show for the fight. . . . I suppose that adults have the right to pull themselves to pieces if they want to. But there's a little girl who's up for human sacrifice. I can't get her off my mind. She could handle one or the other; in fact, she's already made her choice. But her choice can't mean anything. How can she handle both?"

And realizing that his parents had spared him this "tug-of-war," he asks, "How have you and Dad done it?"

"We never accepted the principle of losing self," his mother answers. "And we have realized that life is a paradox. Just as Lao-tze expressed his teachings in the paradox as the most befitting framework for truth, so have we in our own small way. We are not alarmed or destroyed by the fear of paradox."

But if Christy has had this way made easy for him there is his own apprenticeship to life which he must work out. His is a battle against the superstition and ignorance surrounding medicine in China, a realm where he must fight to apply his Western knowledge.

If the characters in this book are in the main unhappy people looking for happiness, there is a relieving sense of humor in their portrayal. Through Christy's eyes we see Mrs. Ward as he thinks: "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed is the sagging chin, blessed is the sagging bosom. Likewise the sagging stomach and also the sagging shoulders, for he who sags shall enter the gates of heaven. And he who sags not is certainly not a missionary lady. . . . Whose teachings were responsible for this sagging state of affairs? Dear Paul, who saw the light. . . . Look, Mrs. Ward, let me buy you a good corset and give it to you as an investment."

And if the missionaries and Christianity come in for their share of satire, Mrs. Rogers leaves the reader with admiration and a sympathetic feeling for the missionary who chooses to brave the personal dangers of a civil war to carry on his soul-saving mission.

In addition to the very excellent character portrayal there are scattered throughout the book nice little insights such as Judith saying to the gatekeeper's son, "I don't think we have any ancestors" or Christy looking at his watch and thinking, "A human conceit, measuring time out in minutes and years—"

The reader would perhaps feel cheated if he did not realize that this is Book One of a trilogy. It is not that *South of Heaven* is incomplete, but that Mrs.

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Poetry . . .

Returning Soldier

Look not, man stunted on uncertainty,
Bred gaunt on falsehood and a sterile creed,
For comfort in the silences of God
Made palatable by spire and archway, candlelight and
priest;

Look not for surcease in the soft deceit
Of curling mouth and birdlike hands ringed with
forgetfulness;

Trust not your satin phrase and wit-etched irony,
Nor the rich lure of sad-eyed resignation,
Poet of the angular face and Hamlet smile.

The time for high soliloquy is done.

But you, young soldier, strung on restlessness
And swift defense, look back:
What lesson have you unlearned well?
Is there an Article of War you have forgot?
Or explanation listened to in peace?

In sleep, you dreamed before dreams had significance
That taught you fear and secrecy . . .
Somewhere in sunlight lapping on the floor
Dropped careless as your sailboats and the ragged
clown;

Look back through startled seas of memory:
Plain and familiar once as clown's bead eyes,
Forgotten long the thing you fiercely seek.

—NANCY SIFF

The hill I've climbed is very high.
Yet still I cannot reach the sky.
'Tis strange—when in the valley there,
I saw it in the maple's hair.
But now, beside that self-same tree
It's quite beyond the reach of me.

—MARY LEIGHTON

Silly moth
To rattle wildly round the light globe
Caught in the sphere
Blinded by the glare
Silly moth
To curl and die there

—MARTYVONNE DEHONEY

Through the Years

(Continued from Page 4)

to save money, assisting in food conservation, releasing men from home jobs for war work. Stories in the *Normal Magazine* were over-running with pathetic and heroic plots of war. Their boy-friends were singing "Over There," "Every Little Movement," and "We're All Going Calling On the Kaiser;" and song counters in Greensboro were strewn with "Every Stitch a Thought of You," and "We'll Do Our Share While You're Over There."

At Christmas, faced with the idea of spending the holidays at school, due to the general bedlam which came with the end of the war, students were urged by the *Normal* to practice the "Gentle Art of Bluffing" and play the "glad game" a la Pollyanna.

The "Hut," an offspring of the Y.M.C.A., had been completed by Carpenterettes, and much written about in poetry form. The three societies, the Aletheians not being formed, were going strong, and were initiating behind closed doors with "excitement, a goat and greasy pole under a near-by tree, and a banner with skull and cross-bones" as the only visible expression.

In 1918, the *Normal* became CORADDI, and contained more original literature work, and less syndicated material, i.e., 12-page copies of various chapel addresses.

CORADDI

(by M. KINARD, '20, *Adelphian*)

C ornelian gives music to my name
O nward pushing, always the same.
R uggid sometimes is my path
A delphian gives me all she hath
D oing always her helpful part;
D ikean adds youth and art
I mplying fame.

The modern American woman at the North Carolina College for Women felt that she had come into her own. "The benefits of the Great World War were manifold . . . it has done great things for women! Shoulder to shoulder with man she fights the battle of life, not losing her own personality, but thinking for herself, a capable human being, knowing what she wants and taking it, asking no leave of anybody, doing things and enjoying life—a free woman, the American woman of the future."

A plea was made to the 700 students for the "ninth life of the butchered word *cute*." Twelve delegates from N. C. C. W. went to the international Student Volunteer Convention in Des Moines, Iowa, in December. Girls were interested in getting returned soldiers to go back to college or to take up vocational training.

In November, 1924, CORADDI was plentifully supplied with cartoons and jokes, poetry and succulent fiction. Two treatises were submitted by young faculty members: "Two Rivers" by Mr. A. C. Hall ("I was born, raised—not cultivated—on the banks of H—— River."), and "Colleges Re-Colleged" in which Mr. W. R. Taylor outlined suggestions for rejuvenation of the department of English or "Department of Gas," ending with a farsighted "hail to modernism."

Miss Elizabeth Duffy, '25, and co-author, Lisbeth Parrot, created a scintillating imaginary discussion entitled "Now the Lid Comes Off."

Joke, 1924: "An observant newish, noticing the Junior Shoppe Signs, exclaimed: 'Oh, dear! A Junior shipped already.'"

In December of the same year, CORADDI said, "What is wrong with us is that we are afraid to express our opinions except within our closed rooms and among close associates." The editorial warned students against the great American fraud, The Patent Medicine. Every page of CORADDI could boast of at least one poem.

1927: Poetry at W. C. was losing its iambic pentameter, having already lost its rhyme scheme. A nine-page treatise was written about Eugene O'Neill, whose recent "The Great God Brown" was accepted eagerly by far-sighted W. C. students. Girls were taking on their own particular form of "Savoir faire." Articles became a bit satirical, and boyish bobs and cigarettes found their place in many stories.

March, 1938: "Everybody's learning to do the Big Apple" which started in Columbia, S. C.; and W. C. was Apple-conscious. They spiced their apple with Piggy-back, Suzie Q, Truckin', Shaggin', Kick High, and Praise Allah.

An edit on the Chinese war said: "If Japan only knew it, she is welding the Chinese together as a nation more firmly day by day."

The literary conscious knew that "the proletarian novel, to all indications, has become an integral part of American Literature," since "realism began its domination of American fiction after the Civil War." Students were reading Steinbeck's *Tortilla Flat* and *Of Mice and Men*.

The poetry and fiction might well have been written by a student of '47. The main difference in the appearance of CORADDI was that the dresses in the Chesterfield advertisements were extended earthward a bit more, and the hats lacked the gay 90's appearance of our latest creations.

Some fifty years hence, a group of moderns will indubitably find humor in the antiquity of our issues of CORADDI. We hope they will remember that we, too, are merely keeping up with the times, as far as the times go.

Mainstream

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quietly on, recreating for them the long complicated thread of experience which was her destiny.

Perhaps she had known from the beginning that it would come to this. Long ago she had sometimes suspected how it must be but she had told herself that she would never leave them and then time had seemed a safe barrier to hide behind. An afternoon had stretched as long as summer and, watching the moon break like the sea against the high brick walls of the courtyard, she could not know how moonlight can tear at the flesh with maddog's teeth.

As she tried to trace the thread of events which led irrevocably to her decision to leave them, a single simple experience appeared to be the beginning and the key.

In the long sunny afternoons she used to walk along beside the river, watching the little boats jogged on the tide in the sunlight, counting the tankers and warships tied up in midstream waiting for orders to join their convoys. Afterwards she would return home through the streets of tenements which had always depressed and frightened her.

There was one street in particular which she hated and today she hurried to reach the avenue where she could escape the stifling effect it had upon her. The brownstone houses walled against each other leaned tiredly into the late sunlight and the cracked, warped sidewalks were edged with garbage cans and dogs and the soiled, gaunt children of the poor. She brushed by a cluster of tow-headed boys with sharp faces and intelligent, cool eyes. A sullen dark-eyed girl, a little younger than herself, stood in her way. The girl's voice was raised in rapid Spanish, scolding a small boy whom she gripped firmly by the hand. The boy screwed up his face in a raucous yell which crossed other yells and fitted roughly into the pattern of noise, complex and insistent even at 5 o'clock of the slow July afternoon. For a moment there was a lull as the boy stopped to catch his breath and suddenly, incredibly, there fell upon the street the clear, immaculate phrases of a Bach fugue. The melody spilled forth bringing order into the confused litter of sight and sound, somehow cleansing the harsh atmosphere of grossness and decay. The sullen dark-eyed girl looked up. Her eyes were black and still, like birds flying . . . blackbird's wings suspended in midflight. For a moment they stared at each other. The music thrust forward. Somewhere a dog barked and the trolley clattered by, the bell clanging metallically down the street. Coolly the dark-eyed girl turned her back and walked away. Once the music halted uncertainly as if the pianist had forgotten the notes. The dark-eyed girl stopped and slowly, almost against her will, defiantly she glanced back at the other girl standing alone on the sidewalk. Together they stared up at the window from where the music had come. After an instant the melody began where

it had left off. The girl tossed her head carelessly and shouted something in Spanish to the little boy. Coolly glancing once more at the other girl, she walked away.

Often she returned to the street, hoping to hear the music repeated and as time went on she ranged into other crowded sidestreets, seeing everywhere the ugly brownstone stoops and the hordes of children shouting in a potpourri of languages. In the evening she would grow suddenly restless and, making some excuse to her parents, walked rapidly around the corner into the sidestreets where she strolled nervously without purpose, looking intently at everything she saw. She never told them where she went and there was a subtle excitement in the secrecy of these walks.

She told them now about those evenings, describing the things she had seen, as if then they must surely understand why she had to go away.

Through the wide open windows she had seen blank cream-color walls from which the paint was peeling in faded strips. The rooms were weighted with dark furniture and lurid reproductions of the Virgin and Child or of an 18th century pastoral scene. Sometimes she saw also the bald heads of tired-faced men in shirtsleeves. Sometimes the cold, unfriendly eyes of women stared back at her from the open windows or the crowded front stoops, women with coarse, shrewd faces all somehow alike so that they blended into a single face haunting and symbolic. Whether the women were gaunt or flabby, dark-skinned or pallid, young or old, the composite look of naked distrust and hardness was unmistakable and terrifying. She had not understood the exact significance of the face but she tried now to explain the strange knowledge of evil which had possessed her as she answered that impersonal gaze. There was something lewd and cruel there which disgusted and fascinated her at the same time. She had once watched an old man fondling a woman's breast with the same horrified fascination and in the woods she had stared with the same intuitive awe and horror at a fat, golden rattlesnake coiling languidly in the sunshine. It was as though, she sought carefully for the exact words, all the women to whom the face belonged had prostituted themselves to the strong and desperate passion of the street, had yielded once with wild, virginal terror to its fierce, brute attack and now were fertile with its seeds—the seeds of a bitter, laughing cynicism and a smouldering anger. Yet there was a secret bond between these people, a kind of reticent comradeship which excluded and irritated her.

As she spoke, in a halting, quiet voice, she saw the look of bewilderment and impatience deepen on her parents' faces.

She seemed to hear her father's voice once long ago, intent and in deep earnest.

He had been annoyed because of her frequent and admiring references to a friend of hers who was a teacher.

"A teacher . . . !" He laughed harshly. "That's no

job for a man . . . Don't always pick someone soft to admire . . . He wouldn't be a teacher if he could do anything else, unless he was afraid to face life." He waited for the full weight of this to sink in. "Don't be a dreamer all your life," he said frowning. "Use your head. Figure out what you want . . . and go after it . . . Don't fool around with any ideas about helping the other fellow . . . that's no way to get anywhere . . ." He thrust his hand impatiently through the air. "You've got to be tough . . . go out for yourself . . . Learn to be realistic." How often she had heard that word *realistic*! "Don't be a dreamer . . . Dreamers never get anywhere . . . anywhere at all . . ."

And she had realized with a twist of pity, he's always been a dreamer. That's why he's telling me this . . . That's why he is always talking about being a "realist" . . . because he never was! He had wanted to go to Africa once, to Asia . . . Instead he had started in a \$10 a week job and had worked hard all his life, fighting and losing out all along, retaining his pride in great dreams and beautifully logical and thoroughly impossible plans. And there had never been any Africa and Asia was just a fairy tale remembered sometimes in a dream. And that was why he was telling her this.

"Take what you want," he would say over and over again. "Never mind the other fellow." Yes, take it . . . and what had he ever taken? He who had given everything to a nation's huge broken dream . . . had lost his money and his confidence in dreams. He who during the depression repeatedly lent his money to other men who had lost as he had lost—men who knew as he did that he would never get it back. And he never had. Yes, take it . . . Now she was to be the realist.

As she looked at her father now, remembering, she knew that it was hopeless.

How could she explain the mysterious lure of the brown dusky streets which seemed always to be concealing behind the blind stare of lighted windows a conspiracy of secrets, a world more alien and far richer than any she had ever read about? Beside it her own world seemed insubstantial and counterfeit—a shadow of life teetering on the edge of reality and ringed round with a hundred invisible webs to keep her from exploring the vital, limitless country she could only guess about.

How could she tell her parents sitting in the soft light of the lamps, the gleaming china, the Renoir—how could she tell them of the fierce, unthinking restlessness which drew her again and again into the dim streets alive with a maddening undercurrent of passion and knowledge? How could they ever understand that she who had shut her eyes to the brutal, unlovely quality of the city, she, who had throughout her childhood built all her ideals and loyalties about the fine aspect of twilight skyline and the

wide, bright avenues, could now hunger for the very animal body of the city?

They thought she was mad. They were shocked at her obstinacy and they were afraid for her. She could not, they were certain, withstand the onslaught of ruthlessness and frank corruption, the cynical, ill-mannered death struggle of the streets, and they told her that she needed them, that she would be lonely and that she would not like suffering when she found it. She was not the kind, they said, who could hold her own in that fierce battle and when she wanted to return to the small, hard-won island of their love and idealism, it would be too late. They laughed at her desire to find a world she thought she saw outside their own. People are the same everywhere, they told her. Look around you, your great, strange world is all around you if you look for it. But she could not find it. She wanted to find out for herself that all people were the same. She could not be satisfied with what they told her even while she knew it to be true.

Now the great river moved beside her in the darkness, heavy and fluid as black tar. It was overlaid with shining patterns of orange and yellow light, edging out from the shores and the blotted out ships in the center of the stream. There was for her something secret and impassionate in the dark shadow of the river, something at once comforting and sad, inscrutable and long understood. She looked out across the water to the great city blooming frantically in the night and thought how unbelievable it was that eight million souls clustered together out there, shouldering each other like frightened animals. Beyond doubt they were there, indicated by a spray of lights and an immense bloody glow against the lightening horizon. Certainly they were there, proven by shapes of stone and fine-laced steel for all the world to marvel at. And yet, here in the steaming silence, closed off with fog and the intricate monotone of crickets and katydids, no sound rose out of the glare across the river. Not even the dull echo of a scream cut through the darkness across the worn old cliffs of the palisades.

Why . . . Why . . . Why are we so cruel? . . . So unhappy?

To be free . . . only to be free, that's all she wanted . . . all anyone wanted. Was there no end to it all? Did people always hurt each other? Was it so impossible to be happy and could no one ever stand alone?

Where she would go, what she would do, she did not know. It did not matter. But this, the first departure, this she could fight for, this she believed in . . . and through it, as through the opening crevice in a wall, rushed a great torrent of instinct and desire, molding her will, her strength with all the silent, waiting fury of the river, the river that moved slowly by her in the night.

A Talk With Dr. Frank

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backwards for fair play and talked, preached, and convinced the other members. He fervently desired that labor and capital reach their own decisions through mediation and has had an astonishing number of successes. His opinions on different cases are written in a dynamic style and make fascinating reading. He is for voluntary maintenance of membership, voluntary check-off, and on the whole, for freedom of the worker and union security. He stated in one of his cases that "voluntary maintenance of membership guarantees democracy, responsible union leadership, and stable union membership, and because of this prevents the rise of a fascist, communistic, or imperialistic dictatorship in the United States." A free union derives its freedom from the consent of the governed, and the subordination of personal rights to the general welfare of all union members will give the members more liberty and a creative cooperation through the union which will make them win a larger share of the economic, social, and spiritual things for themselves and their children. "The democratic urge of people during the last 2,000 years for self organization in religion, politics, commerce, and industry is the basis of democracy."

President Graham is against the poll tax and believes in the right of all educated citizens to vote, regardless of race or creed. He is a follower of the Roosevelt program and stands for a stronger United Nations by amending the charter, an international

court with compulsory jurisdiction over individuals who commit crimes against the United Nations, an international army responsible to the United Nations, and the enlarging of the powers of the general assembly. He hopes that in time we will eliminate the veto.

In regard to Russia Dr. Graham believes in friendliness but firmness, continued cooperation without appeasement or surrender of ideas.

Dr. Graham was one of the early presidents of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare. The conference believes in repeal of the poll tax laws, federal aid to states for public schools, the North Carolina Health program, minimum wages, and fair employment practices. When asked about the rumor concerning communistic tendencies in the organization, Dr. Frank flared up for a second and said, "It's a mistake to call every decent thing we try to do communistic." Then he smiled and added, "When someone says 'communistic' it doesn't alarm me. We don't have to look to communism, as American democracy and Christianity are sufficient philosophy for the needs of our time."

In 1932 Dr. Graham married Marian Drane, daughter of the rector of St. Paul's in Edenton. It has been a very happy marriage, and Dr. Frank's eyes twinkled as he said, "It's the best thing I ever did."

As I left, I realized that the very best thing Dr. Frank ever did was to become the inspiration he is to the students of the University of North Carolina and the people of the United States.

Gossamerry

It was such a THEREfore thing to do
a line of
this
and
that
S,
because
alluding to my heart
you felt that I was quite unsure
and would not serve your presentfutureneed
or maybesomewhat
on the crick
et
side.

—VIRGINIA MCKINNON

Fill the Afternoon

(Continued from Page 12)

in the corners. Jean saw herself in it every time she passed the window. But when she went down this afternoon, there was an empty place where it had been; and a tall desk with diamond-shaped panes was there. Above the desk the wall was lighter where the mirror had been. Jean wasn't sure though and looked at the sign again, but it still said Simmons Furniture Company. She walked cautiously in the door and jumped when the strong spring made it swing to fast behind her and slam. There on one side of her was another mirror with angels all over its gold frame, and she looked in it. There was another Jean, and another, and another. When she turned ever so quickly, she saw her head turn in the old mirror across the narrow store. There she was a dozen more times getting smaller and smaller. It was like the

man on the picture in the hall walking down a lane with houses along the side with a tall hat on and a cane and a box of candy under his arm; and on the box of candy was another man with a tall hat and a cane and a box of candy under his arm, and on his box was another man with another box. Jean said the verses jinglingly in her mind that were printed in scrolling letters at the bottom of the picture:

"The road that leads to memory's lane
Goes winding back across the years
And often as I wander there
The sunshine of your smile appears.

"It brightens all the world for me
As down the road I trudge along
And when I hear your friendly voice
My heart again is filled with song."

She turned her head quickly after she finished each line to see if she was still there in both the mirrors getting smaller and smaller and going on and on. It was funny. When did she stop? Did she go on and on forever, world without end, amen, like they said in the prayer at church? Maybe she went on until she stopped and came back again on the other side, because the world was round, and she went around the world and came back in the mirror on the other

side. Maybe there were millions and millions of men in tall hats with canes and boxes of candy under their arms walking down lanes back into memory; and they went back years and years until before Adam and Eve, and maybe back farther than that. Then, suddenly, Jean was scared, and she looked into the mirror again; and she was still there again and again. Mrs. Simmons was there too, and she said, "Why, child, whatever in the world are you looking at so hard?"

Jean looked at her blankly with big eyes and turned and ran out of the door, leaving the strong spring to pull the door to with a slam.



Riding the bicycle home was delightful if she could put her hands behind her as she had seen the grocery boy do. There was the Fuller Brush man going toward her house, watching her. The sand on the walk was smooth like her notebook paper, without lines; and she was making marks on it with her bicycle tires, only there was a caterpillar in front of her in the way. She leaned carefully, with a reckless feeling, a little sideways to make the tire go around him; but the sand made her tire slip, and she fell on top of the caterpillar, mashing green and yellow and red juice on her hand. She looked quick to see that the Fuller Brush man had not seen her, but he had and was running up to help her up.

"Did you hurt yourself?" he asked, but Jean did not answer him. She got back on her bicycle and pedaled home fast. He knocked at the front door, and Mamma answered just as Jean was riding in the driveway.

"Your little girl just fell off her bicycle, and I was wondering if she might have scraped her knee."

"Jean, did you hurt yourself?" Mamma asked, but Jean looked at her and started crying and ran into the backyard.



She stared at her hand with the green and yellow and red juice on it, red where the red mark of the blue ribbon's brass fastener had been; and she looked for the red mark, wondering if it might still be there. She wondered, too, if Pan would still play if she twirled carefully on the first flagstone.



Without Dust

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Rogers has left these people—and they have indeed become people rather than characters—in a situation of interest. Judith returns to her native land less native than alien, and there is a whispered promise from Christy, "I'll be here when you come back."

Looking at *South of Heaven* with a critical eye, there are characters who appear and disappear, characters whose three dimensions are hinted at but not explored, and premonitions which are presented without full explanation; but always there is a freshness, economy, and individuality of style, no fear of experimentation, and a feeling that here is a writer to watch.

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About the author . . .

What started out for Lettie Rogers as one book, *South of Heaven*, has now lengthened into plans for a trilogy, and perhaps even four books. Mrs. Rogers says that the theme of the second book, now in its first draft, shows the influence America had on the Chinese; and the third will be a contrapuntal development of these two. If there is a fourth, it will bring the characters of the first three through the war; but the author says it will be necessary for her to return to China for more material, since she came to the United States in 1935.

Daughter of Baptist missionaries to China, Mrs. Rogers says that her book is not autobiographical except in the sense that every writer of a first novel tends to include incidents from his childhood. A 1940 Woman's College graduate, the author impresses one with her youth and charming reception of questions. There is also a certain subtlety of humor in her answers which carries over to many parts of her novel. After her graduation, she accepted a position as instructor in the sociology department, and took Dr. Hiram Havdn's course in writing workshop. She began her novel after having written a mystery story, which she said was rejected because "it was too literature for the mystery story public, though, as a story, awful." She worked closely with Dr. Winfield H. Rogers while writing *South of Heaven*.

The title, she said, came from what she thought was an old Chinese proverb, but discovered later was part of a letter from a Chinese official to his wife just before he died from poisoning, in which he said, "You have given me more happiness than any person has a right to expect south of heaven." It was written in three drafts, the first of which Mrs. Rogers calls "an extension of the unconscious mind." She loves her first draft, which takes about five weeks, but hates the research, a process continuing for about six weeks; and she also hates the second draft, which takes about eight weeks, writing four or five hours a day, but actually working eight or ten. The third draft is relatively simple, involving minor suggestions from her editor; and Random House allows the au-

thor the last say in these matters. Mrs. Rogers says that her method of doing research is very irregular. She does her first draft, then her research; and it sometimes gives her problems. The basis of the plot in her second book, *Black Rain*, for instance, is the barrenness of Leila, one of the chief characters; and she is having difficulty now in finding a medical reason.

Characters are for Mrs. Rogers the most important single part of any novel. One of her chief problems is names. She thinks that a character is not real until he is named right. None of hers have been copies of real people, but rather composites. Though a character may start off possessing the qualities of someone she knows, as she writes, she finds this "starter," as she calls him, disappearing; and a person of observation and imagination is born. Before Mrs. Rogers starts writing her story, she lives with her characters through about 250 pages of writing about each of them, describing them, wandering into incidents which might help her to get familiar with them, and writing what they think. "You have to wait for your people to become people," she says. The first part of her first draft is stiff in conception and movement, she claims, "then if I read on, I suddenly say in about chapter four, 'Well, we're acquainted.' As you write, you find that the characters often take things out of your hands. You realize then that you are writing. That makes you feel good."

During her first draft, the author says that she is a very unpleasant and unreasonable person to live with. "Writing is hard work. Your laboratory is everywhere, all the time. You are extremely tense. I don't like writing sometimes, and as for peace and calm, I'd rather work in a railroad station. I can't stand reading proof, and as for waiting for reviews, I'm gray-headed. That's really an exaggeration, but it is a tense time." Reviews, so far, appearing in the *New York Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, the *Saturday Review of Literature*, and the *New Yorker*, have been good, so good, in fact, that Mrs. Rogers claims she is beginning to get superstitious.

The September issue of the *Ladies Home Journal* published a condensation of Mrs. Rogers' novel. The trouble with condensations, she thinks, is that if there is no dead wood in a novel, there is not much to cut; and by condensing it, you cut development. But, she contends, a writer has to make a living, and he either has to do it by selling condensations, or getting another job while writing.

Though Mrs. Rogers says she is not for the garret school of thought "where you have to starve and drink water and eat soda crackers to write, a writer can be spoiled by too quick fame and too quick money. A writing class taught properly can be very helpful, or it can be dangerous." At Woman's College she thinks writing is founded on a sound principle, with little said about selling. Good background for writing is necessary; and if you get that, you get perspective that is invaluable.

—VIRGINIA MCKINNON, LUCY RODGERS

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